

## SOCIETY

The arrival today of the Secretary of State and Mrs. Lansing will at once attract plans for exchanging courtesies with the new diplomats and Mrs. L. Breton and her niece, Miss Lloveras, who have just arrived, will come in for much of the attention.

Mrs. Lora Anderson's move in starting the campaign for the Edith Cavell-Marie de Page Memorial Hospital fund is a pretty and timely tribute to Queen Elizabeth, whose heart has been so wrapped up in doing for the stricken of her own country. Nothing could have been pleasanter than the suggestion that members of the committees would be presented to the queen at a reception in the Belgian embassy that she might receive from their own hands the funds. Too, these meetings in Mrs. Anderson's home serve to bring together women of official and resident society for the first time since their return from summer resorts.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Fishback have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Jane Elizabeth, to Mr. Roscoe Harold Allemen, on Wednesday evening, October 15, at 8 o'clock, in St. Paul's English Lutheran Church, Washington.

A small reception for the wedding party and members of the family will follow the church ceremony at the home of the bride's parents, 1514 Park road. After Saturday, November 15, Mr. Allemen and his bride will be at home at 1325 Belmont road.

Mrs. Stacey Williams, formerly of this city, now a resident of New York, is at the Washington Hotel.

Miss Emma Gray, of the Ontario, has returned to Washington for the season, after spending the summer on the coast of Maine.

The Misses Thelton have returned to their apartment in the Toronto after three months in Maine.

The minister resident and charge d'affaires ad interim of Greece and Mrs. Tsamandis, who are now occupying the legation at 1715 Massachusetts avenue, are negotiating for another residence, as they are giving up the present one on October 1. They have been in the legation since a residence on Connecticut avenue.

Mrs. Urueta, wife of the minister of Colombia, with Miss Julia Uribe and Miss Inez Uribe, have returned from Atlantic City, where they spent the summer, and joined the minister at the legation here.

Senorita Ramona E. Lefevre has gone to Dorchester, Vt., to spend the autumn with her brother, Mr. Edwin Lefevre, the writer, at his country estate there.

Among the interesting younger members of the diplomatic circle who have returned to Washington for the winter are the children of the Chinese minister, Saturday Vi Kiuin Wellington Koo, Jr., with his small sister, Patricia, in charge of their trained nurses and maid, and a legation on Nineteenth street after passing the summer at Monterey, Pa.

Mrs. William Phillips will join Mr. Phillips, Assistant Secretary of State, at the Wardman Park Hotel the last of the week, coming from Beverly, Mass., where she has been with their children during the greater part of the summer.

Mrs. Henry P. Dimock returned to Washington last week from Bar Harbor, where she spent the summer and where she entertained a number of house parties.

## GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE NEWS

Capt. John E. Rastall of the proof section has returned from a visit to the Eastern Shore of Maryland, where he attended a reunion of the First Eastern Shore Volunteer Infantry, a regiment organized by him during the Civil War, by direction of Mr. Gen. John A. B. Howard, then in command of Fort Mifflin.

Ira Cole, the oldest pressman in the United States in active service, was presented with a huge basket of flowers by his friends in the press room yesterday in honor of his nineteenth birthday. Mr. Cole came to work in the G. P. O. in 1875.

Albert W. Kuhns, Edward L. Redfield, Joseph Gibson, Clement P. Boss and J. Harry Phillips of the monotype section, members of Pen-talpa lodge of Odd Fellows, are attending the visitation to Garfield lodge in New York City.

John Finegan is in command of the time desk in the press room while William A. Williams, assistant, is attending to the printing of the obituary of Frank B. Jones, copy editor, is happy over the birth of a daughter at Garfield Hospital Saturday.

Charles Elder has been absent from the hand section several days because of illness in his family.

Charles R. Allen and Michael J. Shea, electrolyte molders, are on leave.

The printing sections, including the press room, will work overtime three nights this week.

Miss Mary Dow of the ruling and sewing section is spending her vacation in Atlantic City.

Lloyd Garrison of the proof section is entertaining his brother from Indianapolis.

Henry Hefield of the forwarding and finishing section has gone to a Philadelphia Hospital to be treated for stomach trouble.

Mrs. R. B. Barnes, Herbert R. Davis, John N. Finegan, Claude A. Gathens, John F. King, Ralph P. Selfert and Herman Hitz have been transferred to the job room.

John Marshall, Harry McPhet and Herbert Schwing, accompanied by Johnny Hoopes on the piano, rendered some very delightful musical numbers in the corridor yesterday.

Edward J. Robinson and Isaac R. Hines are on the sick list in the hand section.

Miss Catherine Linebach is absent from the night pamphlet bindery on leave.

Henry E. Bartle, compositor in the monotype section, is enjoying his vacation.

Brus G. Frick of the computing section, with his family, is spending several weeks at the old home in Sunbury, Pa. Mrs. Frick is absent from the office of the superintendent of work on leave.

## CHILDREN'S SUNRISE STORIES

## UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE COLORED LEAVES.

By HOWARD R. GARIS.  
(Copyright, 1919, The McGraw-Hill Company.)

Uncle Wiggily had picked up some red, brown and skillful colored autumn leaves for the duck girls, and Lulu had a bunch of purple ones under her wing, while Alice was just picking up one colored like a lemon pie, when all of a sudden the bunny rabbit gentleman called out:

"Hark!"

"What's the matter?" asked Lulu, in a sort of quacking whisper.

"I hear some one coming through the woods," went on the bunny rabbit gentleman. "We'd better hide!"

It may be the fox, who's been after me quite a lot lately.

"But where?" softly quacked Alice. "There isn't a single place here to hide!"

"Under the leaves!" Under the pretty colored leaves we have gathered!" said Uncle Wiggily.

So the two duck girls and Uncle Wiggily quickly scooped out for themselves a large hole in the thick pile of leaves on the ground under the trees. Into this hole the bunny rabbit and the Wiggilowable girls crawled, and then they scattered over their heads, and on top of them, the colored leaves.

"If we keep still, now, no one will see us," said Uncle Wiggily in a whisper.

"Yes, we must keep terrible still!" quacked Alice in a low voice.

All of a sudden, while the leaves kept on rustling, Alice said:

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily! I've got to sneeze!"

"Don't you dare sneeze!" quacked Lulu. "If you sneeze you'll blow all the leaves off us, and the Pipsawah or Skeekicks will see us!"

"I can't help it!" said Alice. "I got to sneeze!"

And sneeze she did: "Aker-choo! Ker-choo! Kerchoo!" All the leaves blew off her and off Lulu and off Uncle Wiggily, and then sudden a jolly voice cried:

"Oh, there you are! I see you! I was wondering where you went!"

And there stood Jimmie Wiggilowable, the boy duck, and it wasn't the Pipsawah or the Skeekicks at all who had made the rustling noise, it was Jimmie. Wasn't that good?

So Jimmie helped his sister and the bunny gather more pretty leaves and all was well. And if the cucumber doesn't go to sleep in the middle of the pumpkin pie, when it's playing hide-and-go-seek with the banana shortcake, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Jimmie's candy.

## THE ROMANCE OF A SUMMER GIRL

By ZOE BECKLEY.  
Copyright, 1919, by N. E. A. Silversand Lake, Wednesday.

Joan dear:

There was nothing special on this evening and as I had promised Eric to be on point by him, I decided to do it in my own way.

I tried an experiment, Joanie. I was tired of waiting with problems, I longed for one quiet evening in calm companionship, without emotional stress, or sentiment, or even talk, I wanted to relax, and to have him do the talking. It would be, I fancied, a test of myself and of his.

For ever since that letter of yours, dear, about the "professional" quality of large cities as against the simplicity of the small town, I have realized that I am the small town person after all. If "small town" means average, everyday humanity with plain wants and temperate ambitions—that's me! This "professional" high-price living in wearing. Why, we have a professional hostess now, in Mrs. Kymbal!

Well, I knew I could lure Eric Wells into something interesting if I donned my best frock, led him to the

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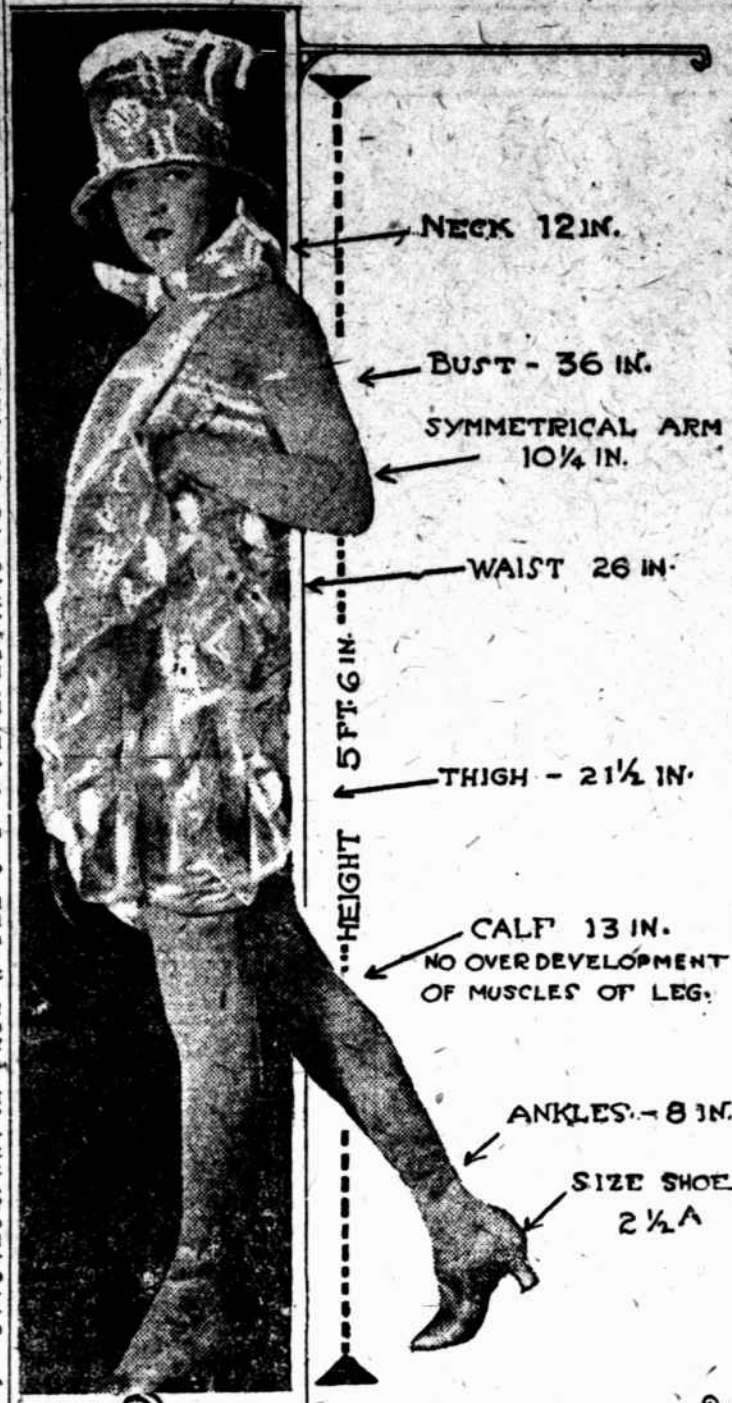
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## WANT A JOB AS A CHORUS GIRL? CAN YOU MATCH THIS STANDARD?



## Maurette, of "The Follies"—"The Perfect Chorus Beauty."

Broadway is 500 short on chorus girls. Never before was there such a scarcity.

"What are the requirements for a good chorus girl? Well, I'd say good looks first as a primary essential, but she must have brains, too," says Florence Ziegfeld. "In height she should be in the neighborhood of 5 feet 5 inches. She mustn't weigh less than 100 pounds or more than 125 pounds—125 is the ideal. That means

a 36-inch bust, a neck of about 12 inches, and a waist of 26 inches. She should have small feet and, of course, a symmetrical figure. There should be no overdevelopment of the muscles of arm or leg. Gracefulness is essential, and she should know how to smile.

"Blondes or brunettes are equally acceptable, and the more intelligent a girl is the better chance she will have to make good."

## Virginia Lee's Personal Answers To Herald Readers' Questions

Picture show pests—you must have encountered them—for they are about as numerous as any affliction sent upon us in recent years.

The sad truth of the matter is that you can't go into a picture show nowadays without running a chance of sitting in front of or behind or sometimes to the side of someone who has seen the same picture before and is enlightening their companion upon the ending, or someone who has had such an adventure and all that sort of thing.

Now, it is true that sometimes the show isn't just what it should be, but even so there is someone in that audience who is enjoying it and we have no right to ruin it for them.

The other evening a business man went to see a picture and it was an extremely good one at that, and he tells me that the picture was ruined for him because two girls at his left had taken a mutual friend all over the battlefields and cities of France and review all the picture shows they had witnessed of late.

The thing that puzzled him was how they could get enough out of the one before them to discuss the next time, but they seemed to be absorbing that in between the Argonne and Paris and Elsie Ferguson in her new picture.

Blonde and Brunette.

Dear Miss Lee: We are two girls desiring of learning fancy dancing. Will you please tell us if it is possible for us to learn at the age of 18, and on you suggest a teacher? I am short but thick. Do you think it would be possible for me to cut it—Blonde and Brunette.

If you have any talent it is not too late to develop it. I will give you the address of a teacher upon receipt of a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Try dampening the ends of your hair and rolling up on rags.

Raise in Rent.

Dear Miss Lee: Please give me information concerning a raise in my rent after October 1?—Worried.

This is a matter for private counsel and you should consult a lawyer.

A Reply.

In reply to S. D. C. You should apply to the Railroad Information Bureau for such information.

Nursery.

Dear Miss Lee: Is there any place here where I can leave my year-old baby while I work?—Mother.

You can leave your baby at the Day Nursery and Dispensary for a very small cost.

For the Mantel.

Dear Miss Lee: Will you please suggest something that would look well on a mantelpiece which is over a red brick fireplace? Above this structure hangs a large Moorish head, and sides of large pennants are fast to the wall—Charmion.

I believe a pair of very odd, brown get him to bring his violin down to the arbor and—

"It's too late tonight," I interrupted gently, but with a storm of disappointment in my heart.

Joan—he guessed what I was up to. He played the little game too, novelty to him at first. Maybe he, too, was willing to test me out as a firebrand companion. But dear, he wearied of it, and I didn't. I don't think he likes firebrands except as novelties.

This much I know, that if it means marriage, either I shall have to school myself to the keyed-up life and be a "professional" in emotion, in ability to entertain, in constant freshness and pliancy, or bore him to death.

Can I learn always to be on big-town dress parade—Lulu, who revels in the pictures you have been drawing me lately of your small-town happiness?

Your devoted DOLLY.

Classes are held there for them in subjects which they wish to learn and it is hoped that a certain amount of industrial training can be given them soon. Many of these girls work at carding wool and filling combs with wool while they are recovering from their recent hardships.

Miss Margaret White, head of the Y. W. C. A. work in Turkey, had spent some years teaching the Armenian and Syrian relief commission to the Near East as a representative for the Y. W. C. A. and so is able to understand the needs of the Armenian girls and to direct the work of caring for them as they are rescued from Turkish homes.

A unit of four Y. W. C. A. secretaries has recently arrived in Constantinople to assist in the work.

Jack called his prize over pretty much the whole Mediterranean, before he found his own ship again. He had been gone two months. But such a story as he had to tell and \$14,000 he found in the cabin of the prize ship.

Jack put in to reconsider his navigation, they went ashore and got gloriously drunk. Their wine gave out. They hailed the ship for more. Jack and his crew set out to swim to the ship after it, but sharks caught three of them; the others returned aboard on Jack's terms.

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## TEN-MINUTE NOVELS

TODAY—"Midshipman Easy," by Capt. MARRYAT. Condensation by James B. Connolly.

TOMORROW—"The Old Curiosity Shop," by Charles Dickens.

## MARRYAT

Frederick Marryat was born in 1772 and lived till 1848. His father was an English naval officer who sat in Parliament and was a writer of verse and political pamphlets. Marryat, however, had the sea in his veins, and even before he was allowed to enter the navy at 14 he became a sailor. He was a true sailor, and even before he was allowed to enter the navy at 14 he became a sailor. He was a true sailor, and even before he was allowed to enter the navy at 14 he became a sailor.

## MIDSHIPMAN EASY

By CAPTAIN MARRYAT.  
(Condensation by James B. Connolly, author of "The Seiners." "The Crested Seas," and many other stories of the seas.)

Mr. Easy was for natural equality and the rights of man, which Mrs. Easy did not mind, she being allowed to have her game of patience. Behold, then, a contented couple to whom, after eleven years of married life, was born our hero Jack. For nature to the young man, the family doctor introduced a strong, healthy young woman, Mrs. Easy, catechising her, was horrified.

"What—not married! And you had a child?"

"If you please, ma'am, it was such a little one!"

The young woman joined the Easy household, where she aided every other member there to spoil young Jack. And so we have at 5 years of age a complete specimen of the aristocratic young man.

To save him from utter ruin, the family doctor urged that he be sent to a school which he could highly recommend. The parents agreed.

The benevolent-looking master of this school was against flogging also. Caring, in his judgment, more efficacious; so without troubling to tell Mr. Easy of it, he carried off two beautiful Turkish boys when at 14 Jack came home to live, all the bully was gone from him.

In place thereof was a great disposition to argue things, with natural equality and the rights of man as his favorite theme.

Two disputatious people under one roof were too many. Jack's father packed him off to sea in 11.

Jack's radical opinions did not lessen his naval zeal. As midshipman in command of the ship's second cutter in a certain expedition he ignored the recall signal and so lost sight of his own ship; but long night of her led to the capture of a fine big enemy ship; and among this ship's passengers was a lovely Italian girl, whom Jack treated with great courtesy and respect.

Being the only officer in his force, it was Jack's duty to navigate the prize ship to Gibraltar. A simple Jack put in to reconsider his navigation, they went ashore and got gloriously drunk. Their wine gave out. They hailed the ship for more. Jack and his crew set out to swim to the ship after it, but sharks caught three of them; the others returned aboard on Jack's terms.

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